

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE,
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Choice Literature.

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THE CREOLE WIFE. A ROMANCE OF THE WEST.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Rosa was to be united as soon as the chan-
cellor returned from England, whither im-
portant business had summoned him.
For some time they had been devotedly
attached to each other. Charmed at first
by his manner, she had become, in the pro-
cess of time, his friend and confidante, and
in the end, his wife. She had already decided upon
visiting America.

'The young man who so pleased your
fancy to-day was at the table, Rosa; and
there was such an air of abstraction and mel-
ancholy about him, I could not forbear
noticing it.'

'It is strange,' mused Rosa; but she
said nothing more.

'Here comes the postman,' said Blanche,
eagerly, 'with letters, perhaps, for both of
us. Yes, she continued, as a servant han-
dled her three letters; 'two from England,
one mailed West Indies. These are for
you,' and she placed the parcel in Rosa's
hand.

'Thank God!' she exclaimed, perusing
one with absorbed attention. 'It is the first
letter from home since I have been here, and
mother is better;—still fancies, poor heart,
that he will come back to her. He was not
worthy of you, my mother, she harshly ex-
claimed, as indignation usurped every other
feeling.'

'The other is from my brother, I suspect,'
said Blanche.

'Yes,' was the laconic reply.

The following day Horace set out for the
Hermitage, as Judge Stanton's residence
was called.

He found Herman wearied and much dis-
pirited; he had been watching by his poor
child all night, and she had seemed more
wandering than usual. Silently the two
wended their way to the lonely cave.

They entered. The poor girl had sought
her couch, and now thoroughly exhausted,
was quietly asleep. Her cheeks were flushed
high with the fever of excitement; her deli-
cate lips parted, her even and pearly teeth
gleamed through the lines of coral.

Horace stood transfixed as if before a di-
vinity.

Grace had grown very beautiful, and his
heart beat with a stronger and purer love
as he gazed on the slight form that reposed
at her feet.

She murmured half audibly. Horace bent
lower over her. It was his name. Sleep-
ing or waking he was not absent from her
thoughts.

Yielding to the tenderness that welled up
in his bosom, he knelt beside the sweet girl
and imprinted a burning kiss upon her brow.

Starting, she opened her eyes slowly and
dreadfully, full upon the yearning glance of
her lover. For a moment they rested there;
gleam after gleam of intelligence passed over
her face;—then with a cry, thrilling with its
intensity of delight, she sprang toward Hor-
ace, and with a wild, hysterical sob, fell up-
on his breast.

With what yearning love did he clasp her
there and hold her with both his strong,
manly arms, resolved that no human power
should tear her thence.

Placing both hands upon his shoulders,
Grace threw back her head and fixing her
beaming eyes upon him, said, with mourn-
ful tenderness, 'Why did you leave me?—
why have you deserted me so long? Horace?—
oh, why? then, before he could reply,
some thought gave an expression of horror
to her fair features; she strove to release
himself from her grasp, and shaking her head,
murmured slowly, 'You should not have
come hither. Horace—leave me, leave me!—
and she shrank from him as she strove to
hide her face. 'I am not fit to be touched
by you—not good enough for your eyes to
rest upon me. Leave me; and she strug-
gled wildly to unlock his arms.

'Grace, Grace, don't ask me to leave you,'
implored poor Horace. 'I have come back
unchanged—loving you better than ever be-
fore—better than my life, Grace.' But still
she strove to disengage herself.

'Grace, my darling, it is true,' murmur-
ed the agonized father. 'Believe him, Grace.'

After this first scene of sorrow, by the ad-
vice of her physician Horace continued to
visit her. By talking soothingly with her,
and assuring her constantly of his unaltera-
ble love, she soon began to regard him with
less excited feeling, and at last waited for
his coming with anxiety and met him with
evident pleasure.

Rosa was rapidly gaining strength, and
one fine day in the beginning of August she
descended to the dining room, leaning upon
the arm of Blanche.

Horace was there. She sat at the table
nearly opposite him. There was no mistak-
ing the glance he threw upon her; it curdled
the blood in her veins; and the proud
woman, self-condemned, dared not lift her
eyes to his face again. She was now con-
vinced that this elegant young man was no
other than the unfortunate lover of Grace
Stanton, her sister. All day she felt con-
demned and wretched, and vainly regretted,
now that it was too late, that she had not ac-
ted more womanly, and used milder means
to bring her father to a sense of his guilt.

Revenge was far from sweet now she had
enjoyed it to the utmost. That pale face
was ever before her; that mournful, repro-
ving, solemn glance haunted her; and, of
what she would, she could not banish them
from her memory. She longed to know
something more about Grace. It was very
strange that everything was kept so still and

secret. She had learned that her father of-
ten inquired after her, and it somewhat soft-
ened her heart towards him.

'As soon as Stephen comes home,' she
exclaimed, one day, 'I mean to have a ride
on horseback. I am dying of ennui.'

True to her intention, Rosa, prevailed up-
on the chancellor, after his return, to accom-
pany her on horseback as far as her favorite
resort.

Away they started; nor did Rosa per-
ceive the pale, stern face of the young A-
merican, as he stood with folded arms in the
shadow, also gazing with the crowd, but with
how different emotions!

Over the smooth road, lined on each side
with towering oaks, and away beyond where
the tops of the trees leaned over against
each other, whispering their loves in the lan-
guage of the leaves, they galloped on, and
at last, where the woods sheltered the sweet
little ravine—Rosa's 'first love,' as she termed
it.

'Rosa, I implore you to be careful,' ex-
claimed the chancellor, as she dashed for-
ward, eager to be the first to enter the charmed
precincts. 'Do not go on at such a mad
rate; and he playfully shook his whip at
her.'

'I am bent on an adventure,' she merrily
answered back. 'I am free once more, and
I'll enjoy myself to my heart's content. Oh,
this glorious day! this warm, rich sky!'

'But, my dear, you are not strong enough
to bear the exertion,' he repeated.

'But, my dear, you must let me have my
own way,' was the laughing response; 'you
know I will.'

The brow of her companion grew dark.
Her resistance occurred so often that he
sometimes found himself doubting if, after
all, she cared a tittle for any one's happi-
ness beside her own. He ceased to ex-
pound; it had not the slightest effect; she
did have her own way, and when about to
return home, was, as he had predicted she
would be, faint, giddy and nervous, scarce-
ly able to sit upright.

Obligated to rest frequently, their journey
was necessarily slow, and when but a few
miles from home, the chancellor proposed a
nearer route. Rosa languidly turned her
horse's head in that direction, longing for a
termination of their ride.

After a few turnings and windings, they
reached a dwelling house, and Rosa, com-
pletely exhausted, was lifted tenderly and
borne within, almost fainting with the exer-
tion.

A gentleman entered the front room im-
mediately after, evidently annoyed at this in-
trusion.

In the tall, gaunt figure, with its mel-
ancholy forehead and sunken eyes, both Rosa
and the chancellor recognized Herman Stan-
ton.

Rosa hid her face in her lover's bosom.
'Anywhere but here! Oh, take me hence!'

she exclaimed, in a tone of entreaty.
'Rosa, do you yet forgive me? have you
yet no pity in your bosom? does the dark
spirit of revenge yet dwell in that woman's
heart?' asked the judge, sternly and calmly.

'Does not the ruin, the wreck of my child's
pure mind lessen your fierce resentment?'

The proud woman trembled and clung
still closer to the chancellor, who whispered
to her soothingly.

'Hear me, daughter,' he said again, in
solemn, thrilling tones; 'God will have
mercy upon you as you deal with those who
have injured you.'

'Speak, Rosa,' murmured the chancellor,
moving gently back, that she might dis-
engage herself from him, but her head fell
heavily forward. She had fainted entirely
away.

CHAPTER IX.

'Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?
Or pluck out rooted sorrow from the heart?
The Reconciliation—A Secret Revealed—Rosa's
Visit—A Wedding and a Journey—Happy Reun-
ion—Conclusion.'

The wind, soft as the breathing of an Eo-
lian harp, lifted the slight curtains, in that
rude chamber, and from the vase of early
flowers on the window sill, bore a sweet frag-
rance to the bed of the sufferer. It was
originally Grace's apartment, and fitted up
with taste that in every little arrangement
told that delicacy invested the spirit of that
gentle one with a sweetness that all her
friends called angelic. Against the white
walls hung little pictures of her own drawing
—far from perfect were they, but they were
of genius and imaged the beautiful; every
chair was adorned with her embroidery, and
the table covers and bed-spread—had all
been fashioned by her nimble fingers.

Rosa laid very motionless, her pale face
turned towards the window. All over the
gorgeous beauty of the sunset sky, her lus-
trous eyes wandered at will. The distant
hills clothed in faint purple loomed up to
twice their size in the misty haze, and the
white moon, as the fleecy clouds sailed
softly through the brilliant heavens.

Everything in nature was calm and beau-
tiful—not calm was the heart of this once
proud girl—she too felt some pang of re-
morse.

The judge entered, and drawing a chair
to her bedside, sat down with her hand in
his own. And Rosa suffered him, she of-
fered no resistance now; she had forgiven
him, told him so with tears in her beautiful
eyes. Now she gazed long and sorrowfully
at each finely moulded but attenuated
feature; at the furrowed brow, the hollow
eyes—the grey hair, silvered with care not
age; the lips white and ever compressed by
painful thought; all the love-withheld for
years gushed at that moment in her heart,
and yielding to an impulse she could not
control, she lifted both arms towards him,
and murmured, 'My father.'

It was the first time that tenderness had
hallowed those words, what a wild throbb-
ing of joy, the judge bent above her, till his
white locks mingled with the bands of her
silk hair. Then she flung her arms around his
neck, and felt as he pressed her to his breast
how sweet it was to forgive.

'You are better, my child,' he said, as
soon as his emotions would allow, 'the flush
has gone, and your hand feels cool and health-
y—thank God, you are better.'

'Yes, father, better in body and soul,' she
answered, in a subdued manner that seemed
not her own; 'I wish I could always have
felt thus, and yet—'

'And yet how could you?' interrupted the
judge; 'you have much, very much, to for-
give me, my poor child.'

'Oh, forgive me, I need most to be for-
given,' murmured Rosa, hiding her face in
her hands.

'No, poor child, you have been a life-
long sufferer—you and that—'

'Father,' interrupted Rosa, almost wildly,
'I needed not to be so vindictive—I shall
never forgive myself—I have told you the
truth, but not the whole truth—father, how
long after you left Cuba did you marry?'

'I had been in the wilderness over six
years when the first settlers came,' said
Judge Stanton, musingly; 'Grace came the
next year—that was seven and over—in two
years we were—' he stopped with a trou-
bled look, and then added, in a manner sud-
den and painful, 'Nine years, my child.'

'Father,' said Rosa, softly, 'will you for-
give me that I did not tell you before? It
was in my power to save you so much sor-
row and pain; you have not asked after my
poor mother, she continued, deeply affected;
then looking at him steadily, she added,
'your first wife was laid in her grave since I
was eight years old.'

Like one stricken into marble, sat the
judge. He had no power to speak, to move,
till he felt the arms of his child encircling his
neck, and her tears upon his cheek. Rising
slowly, like one in a dream, though his
strength was weakness, he lifted his arms
high, and with solemn emphasis uttered a
most touching prayer; then, turning to Ro-
sa, who sat up in the bed, awe-struck at his
manner and appearance, he said—'Reproach
not yourself, my child, you have been but an
instrument in the hands of Him who humb-
led me—of God, then, ask forgiveness—but
oh! my child, my child! and he sank on his
knees at the bedside, it is as if heaven or-
opened to me. Let us pray, my child, let us
pray above us now, witness these tears of
joy that, through the mercy of the infinite,
thou wert not dishonored. Grace, gentle
angel! if thou didst suffer for my wrong,
witness my repentance. Almighty Father,
eternity will be too short in which to thank
Thee for that over-ruling providence, that
mercy, that kept me from sin—Thou hast
clashed in mercy. Now tell me of your
mother Rosa; did she die of a broken heart?'

'Your name was last upon her lips—she
blessed you—forgave you—implored me al-
so to love you—but my heart was not like
hers; from my earliest years I studied for
revenge. I saw her face and die, remember;
say no more,' she exclaimed, with a sudden
gesture, 'I am happier now—but I dare not
dwell upon those painful days—my heart is
still very wayward. Where is Grace—
where is my sister?' she asked timidly.

'Ah! you do not know, then; and the
judge sighed heavily.

The woman started from her pillow and
gazed searchingly in his face; what awful
thing can you mean? she faltered—a sus-
picion of the reality crossing her mind.

He replied, 'I mean the harp of a thou-
sand strings is irretrievably shattered, we
fear; my child has no longer the light of
reason to guide her.'

'And I, I have been the wicked cause,'
she cried, wringing her hands; 'why! oh,
why have I done this? Sweet girl, how had
she injured me? I understand now his
glances of hate—oh! no wonder, no won-
der; how he must despise me.'

'We fear it is a case of hopeless mania-
Some have said that if she could be under
the care of medical men who understand
diseases of the brain, she might be restored;
others, that her insanity is of such a nature
that no human skill can avert the dreadful
calamity. But how could I send her from
me, perhaps to die in a land of strangers?
For I am advised that she must go almost
alone—that new scenes and new faces, with
the journey, may have a favorable effect
upon her malady.'

'Command my fortune, father. Oh, let
her go. I would accompany her—but she
fears me, you say—perhaps she hates me.'

'If I could but see poor Grace,' said Ro-
sa, when well enough to sit up and take
breakfast with Madam Leland. 'Is it pos-
sible, do you think? Could I look in upon
her unobserved?'

'Let me see—ah! you shall do this, said
the nurse, fertile in expedients. 'Put on
my shawl, my bonnet and my thick green
veil; that will shade your features comple-
tely. I am as tall as you, therefore they will
not; besides, she takes but little notice in the
morning.'

'It was a cruel thing that caused this sor-
row,' exclaimed Rosa, putting back upon the
table the untasted morsel, and rising with
the tears in her eyes.

'You was not in your right mind, dear;
you could not help it,' said the kind nurse,
soothingly. 'Think, now, for a moment—
would you have uttered those words with
deliberate reason?'

'I knew not what I said,'
'I thought so, dear.'

Cautioned by her father to keep perfectly
silent, as should Grace recognize her, she
might be violent, they set out together for
the cave.

Rosa had expected to behold in Grace a
wasted, emaciated creature, with a wan, hope-
less countenance. She was almost startled
to see her quite cheerful, and humming a
little love-song. She gazed with surprise up-
on the books and sewing upon the table
stand. The cave was scrupulously neat and
looked quite comfortable, though the atmos-
phere felt chilly to her, excited as she was.
Rosa saw no indications of lunacy except one,
when Grace suddenly turned with outstretch-

ed arms, her innocent face shining like a
seraph's through her golden hair, and asked
her father if he did not know she was the
dear Saviour; then the impulse faded as
soon as spoken, and she turned to her glass
again to resume her occupation.

The winds have given me a carpet, father,
she said, pointing to a few leaves that
had blown in upon the rocky floor. 'I am
a witling; I am myself, and yet not myself.
I have lived two lives: one was a merry,
happy life, when I never thought an evil
thing, when I lived and was beloved; the
other, when I crept in dark corners and hid
my face, when a dreadful vision, with fiery
eyes, came and laid these burning coals up-
on my brain, and told me I existed only by
her favor, and so her malice might be pour-
ed out upon me. I am in a strange tumult
often; I cannot pass through the thick
clouds that fold about me; and then again
they are all lighted up with stars, and I feel
an impulse to sing sweet music; and then
the stars melt slowly, slowly, and nothing re-
mains but two glaring, steadfast eyes, with
seven little hateful letters written on them.
I am angry then, and if I could I would tear
them from their sockets; but my hands pass
through them. I think they must be bad
spirits, but, but why should they haunt me?
Father?' she exclaimed, with a low, musical
laugh, springing towards him.

'What, my darling?'

'Why only that I am happy sometimes,
and as light, as light as a bird. I want
wings—I long for wings—and there is a
good angel comes to me then and lends me
wings. I think it must be my mother,' she
muttered to herself, twisting the ring, the
pledge of her betrothal, round her finger.

'Yes, I think it must be my mother. I
know she was here one day, and sung me a
sweet song, and told me when I was a little
baby she came from heaven and sang it to
me—for I was pure and good then. But
she intruded—a sudden fury convulsed her
features—the dark woman came, and told
my mother what I was. Oh! how mournful,
how cruel, to tell my angel mother, and send
her back to heaven, weeping for her lost
child. Since then, she sobbed, 'she has
not been to see me again. The dark fiend
drove her from me.'

Judge Stanton turned away to conceal his
own emotions. It was the first time poor
Grace had alluded to his dead wife.

Rosa was weeping silently, hidden by her
veil. She could control herself no longer,
but hurried from the cave. Once in the
open air, she gave free vent to her pent-up
grief in loud sobs. She was startled by the
appearance of Horace, who asked in alarm-
ed tones, 'What has happened, Madam
Leland?—what of Grace?—is she worse?'

'I am not Madam Leland,' murmured
Rosa, in a subdued tone, checking her tears
as she recognized Horace; 'but Rosa, the
daughter of Judge Stanton—the woman
whom you must have known and learned,
perhaps to despise. And I wonder not if it
is so, I can easily forgive you if you hate me
worse than the veriest reptile in your path;
but, oh! believe me, I knew not of this dire
calamity till yesterday; and from my heart,
God knows, I deplore the part I have taken
in this mournful affair.'

The young man stood still regarding
her, more in pity than in anger, for his own
deep sorrow had taught him sympathy for
others. She had blasted all his hopes, and
still he regarded her with strange though
not ungentle emotions. Hitherto he had
shrunk from—hated her.

Lifting the murky veil partly from her
face, only above the small, dimple mouth
and the softly curved chin, the beautiful wo-
man continued:

'All my life have I been subjected to mor-
tification on my father's account. Yes,
when a little child, I was taunted by other
children with the mocking words, 'Ah! your
father ran away and left your mother and
you, because he didn't love you.' Do you
wonder the cancerous grew daily at my
heart, or that I cherished thoughts of dark
import?'

'My mother was a gentle creature, a lov-
ing woman, and when I grew silent and a-
voided all mention of my father, she thought
my resolve will be brought into subjection
to her silent teachings, for oh! this great sor-
row made her meek as a lamb; yes, it broke
her free spirit, and brought her mind into
most cruel bondage. And when, sir, I saw
her from day to day grow more sorrowful,
when I beheld those beautiful eyes, fixed
often on vacancy, when I heard her repeat
—broken heart, 'Will he never, never
come back to me again? When I saw her
stand before her portrait and murmur to it
in a soft plaintive voice, then sink languid
and listless upon her couch and weep like an
infant, as she felt that all hope had departed,
when I heard my stern grandfather murmur
deep curses upon my father, as he stood above
the corpse of his only child, almost in des-
pair, with the tears coursing down his time-
stained cheek, could I think of my father and
love him? Nay, rather could I, wild, way-
ward, with my warm tropical temperament,
self-willed, the spoiled, petted child of for-
tune, one who had never felt the paternal
kiss, cherish other than feelings of repugnance
andathing, say hatred, if you will, for that
unhappy man?'

'I see, I feel you are beginning to
pity me.'

'I do pity you whispered the young man,
vividly affected.

'And then at last my poor old grandfath-
er died, mourning for his unhappy child. Over
his death bed, above his coffin lid, be-
sides his new made grave, I vowed to follow
after this cruel father; to pursue him relent-
lessly, to make him and his feel the bitter
consequences of his crime, though God for-
give me for cherishing such feelings towards
his innocent child.'

'Why are you come so early?' asked
Grace, as Horace entered her primitive little
home; and she bounded towards him with a
sweet smile.

'Because I am sad every moment that I
am away from you.'

'You promised me you would talk no more
in that way,' she said, her face instantly so-
bering, 'I am happy if you only call me
sister; you know, she added, mournfully;
'I can never, never be aught else to you.'

'Grace, dear, you tell me you love me as
a brother; are you certain you love me?'

The bright blood rushed to her cheeks,
and her glance was so full of sad reproof, that
his heart smote him for asking the question.

'It is almost cruel of you to ask me that,'
she murmured, 'you know—you must know
how purely and tenderly I regard you, dear
brother; who else have I to love but my fa-
ther and you? Come, to please you, I will
go back to my father's house; I will live
where you say, only still, I implore you, be
a brother to poor Grace.'

Horace caught eagerly at this opportune
suggestion.

'Yes,' he replied, still cautiously grave,
yes, the cavern, is too gloomy for me; it de-
presses my spirits; but I have something to
propose to you better even than returning to
your father's. I am going home to New
York, but not to stay,' he added quickly,
noticing her flashing eye. 'Now sister Grace,
you shall be a life long, a dear, a sweet sis-
ter to me, if you will only consent to journey
with me to my native city for a while.'

'I go with you? I whom every body
shrinks from, and even abhors? You must
be crazy,' she exclaimed with imperpetu-
able gravity, 'I go with you to New York
—and alone?'

'Then you fear to trust me,' murmured
Horace, chidingly.

'Oh! no, no, no,' she replied, with energy,
'no my brother, I trust in God and you.'

Overjoyed at his success, Horace sought
the judge and communicated his plan of re-
moving Grace and taking her to the North.
All was soon arranged, Madam Leland was
to journey with them, and to remain with and
take the sole charge of Grace until she was
permanently lodged in the asylum.

'Dear me, if you knew how anxious I have
been about you,' exclaimed Blanche, kissing
Rosa tenderly, 'why love, what a strange
adventure you have had.'

'A happy one in many respects, Blanche.'

'Yes, yes, so I suppose; I heard all about
the reconciliation, and so forth, from Philip;
and believe me, it has made me esteem you
the more. Now, how is it? Is it true that
Judge Stanton's little Grace is really a ma-
niac?'

'She is harmlessly insane,' answered Ro-
sa, in an absent manner.

'I don't wonder,' continued Rosa, 'young
Southernland loves her, but I trust, she may
yet be restored to her right mind; and she
told Blanche all her plans.'

'Good, good,' rejoined the latter, clasping
her hands, 'then Stephen and you can go
on and get married in New York in one of
the fine churches there; I hate the idea of a
private wedding in this obscure place—no
show, no ceremony—I like the thing vastly;
this going to New York, and then you can
hear of this poor girl from day to day, oh!
will it not be delightful?'

But she was doomed to be disappointed
in her calculations; the chancellor would not
agree that the ceremony should take place
in New York; he disliked publicity and oc-
casion; so they were married in a private
parlor in the hotel, and the same day the
parties set out upon their Northern tour.

Horace, with his company, had preceded
them; they arrived at New York some days
before the chancellor, and the journey seem-
ed quite to have benefited the dear invalid.

The physician who undertook the case,
was a man of strong nerve, and resolute mind.
Full of sympathy for the suffering, his heart
prompted him to do the utmost for so mel-
ancholy a subject; he inquired with the most
careful minuteness into all the circumstances
attending the commencement of her malady,
examined her remotest symptoms, and con-
fidently promised a cure.

She gained upon his good graces every
day, and his attentions and exertions for her
health were unremitting; and by little and
little she learned to converse with calmness.

By degree they began to introduce Rosa
in their conversation, and though at first al-
most violent, she soon listened with com-
posure, and finally, though with trembling,
consented to meet her formally.

This trying ordeal once safely passed, and
there was no further fear; once divested of
the supposition of her sister's deadly hate
and desire to injure her—she might be ac-
counted perfectly restored.

When the judge again clasped his daugh-
ter in his arms, she was the bride of Horace
Southernland.

As the truth became known, old friends
came back and gathered around the judge.
Honors were proffered him, but he declined
them all, intending to remove away from the
town.

He was much affected when Rosa carried
him to his former home, now most superbly
fitted up in every apartment.

'It is yours, father,' she said. How chang-
ed, how beautiful she had grown. He could
not refuse her gift, nor the little gilded cas-
ket which she pressed upon him, saying that
he must not open it till she had left with
her husband for England.

'I have lived a life of sorrow,' said the
judge, referring to his previous life; 'but as
a thoroughly repentant man, and in view of
God's great mercy, I am happier now than
ever before. Tranquility is once more mine
—purified as by fire,' he would murmur ab-
stractedly, a sweet tranquility lighting up
his dark eyes.

The parting of father and child was a pain-
ful one.

'Little did I imagine, when I reached
these shores, I should leave them thus,' mur-
mured Rosa, her eyes filled with tears. 'You
will come to England, dear father, when I
send for you—and Grace and Horace;—it
may be as soon as a year;—promise me.'

'If our lives are spared,' exclaimed the
judge, affected beyond power of control.
When the little casket was opened it was
found to contain fifteen ten thousand dollar
bank notes, to be distributed equally between
the judge, Horace and Grace.

Would our readers like to look in upon a
private tableau?

In a rich apartment, artistically furnished,
two beautiful women are meeting after a long
absence. They throw their arms each over
the neck of the other, and tears mingle with
joy on their bright faces. Then they move
together towards the cradle of a sleeping in-
fant, and the younger—sweet Grace—whis-
pers, leaning her head upon her sister:

'I have lost mine. Oh, he was so much
like him!'